NUMB. LXXIX.

The SPECTATOR.

Oderunt peccare boni virtutis amore. Hor.

Thurſday, May 31. 1711.

I Have received very many Letters of late from my Female Correſpondents, moſt of whom are very angry with me for Abridging their Pleaſures, and looking ſeverely upon Things, in themſelves indifferent. But I think they are extreamly Unjuſt to me in this Imputation: All that I contend for is, that thoſe Excellencies, which are to be regarded but in the ſecond Place, ſhould not precede more weighty Conſiderations. The Heart of Man deceives him in ſpite of the Lectures of half a Life ſpent in Diſcourſes on the Subjection of Paſſion, and I do not know why one may not think the Heart of Woman Unfaithful to it ſelf. If we grant an Equality in the Faculties of both Sexes, the Minds of Women are leſs Cultivated with Precepts, and conſequently may, without Diſrepect to them, be accounted more liable to Illuſion in Caſes wherein natural Inclination is out of the Intereſts of Virtue. I ſhall take up my preſent Time in Commenting upon a Letter or two which came from Ladies, and from thence leave the Reader to judge whether I am in the right or not, in thinking it is poſſible Fine Women may be miſtaken

The following Addreſs ſeems to have no other Deſign in it, but to tell me the Writer will do what ſhe pleaſes for all me.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am Young, and very much inclined to follow the Paths of Innocence; but at the ſame time, as I have a plentiful Fortune, and am of Quality, I am unwilling to reſign the Pleaſures of Diſtinction, ſome little Satisfaction in being Admired in general, and much greater in being beloved by a Gentleman, whom I deſign to make my Husband. But I have a mind to put off entring into Matrimony 'till another Winter is over my Head, which (whatever, muſty Sir, you may think of the Matter) I deſign to paſs away in hearing Muſick, going to Plays, Viſiting, and all other Satisfactions which Fortune and Youth, protected by Innocence and Virtue, can procure for,

SIR,

Your moſt Humble Servant,

M. T.

'My Lover does not know I like him, therefore having no Engagements upon me, I think to try, and know whether I may not like any one elſe better.

I have heard WILL. HONEYCOMBE ſay, *A Woman ſeldom writes her Mind but in her Poſtſcript.* I think this Gentlewoman has ſufficiently diſcovered hers in this. I'll lay what Wager ſhe pleaſes againſt her preſent Favourite, and can tell her that ſhe will Like Ten more before ſhe is fixed, and then will take the worſt Man ſhe ever liked in her Life. There is no end of Affection taken in at the Eyes only; and you may as well ſatisfie thoſe Eyes with ſeeing, as controul any Paſſion received by them only. It is from Loving by Sight that Coxcombs ſo frequently ſucceed with Women, and very often a Young Lady is beſtowed by her Parents to a Man who weds her (as Innocence it ſelf,) tho' ſhe has, in her own Heart, given her Approbation of a different Man in every Aſſembly ſhe was in the whole Year before. What is wanting among Women, as well as among Men, is the Love of laudable Things, and not to reſt only in the forbearance of ſuch as are Reproachful.

How far removed from a Woman of this light Imagination is *Eudoſia*! *Eudoſia* has all the Arts of Life and good Breeding with ſo much eaſe, that the Virtue of her Conduct looks more like an Inſtinct than Choice. It is as little difficult to her to think juſtly of Perſons and Things, as it is to a Woman of different Accompliſhments, to move ill or look awkward. That which was, at firſt, the effect of Inſtruction, is grown into an Habit; and it would be as hard for *Eudoſia* to indulge a wrong Suggeſtion of Thought, as it would be to *Flavia*, the Fine Dancer, to come into a Room with an unbecoming Air.

But the Miſapprehenſions People themſelves have of their own State of Mind, is laid down with much diſcerning in the following Letter, which is but an Extract of a kind Epiſtle from my Charming Miſtreſs *Hecatiſſa*, who is above the Vanity of external Beauty, and is the better Judge of the Perfections of the Mind.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Write this to acquaint you, that very many Ladies, as well as my ſelf, ſpend many Hours 'more than we uſed at the Glaſs, for want of the 'Female Library of which you promiſed us a Cata-'logue. I hope, Sir, in the Choice of Authors for 'us, you will have a particular Regard to Books of 'Devotion. What they are, and how many, 'muſt be your chief Care; for upon the Propriety of 'ſuch Writings depends a great deal. I have known 'thoſe among us who think, if they every Morn-

'ing

ing and Evening ſpend an Hour in their Cloſet, and read over ſo many Prayers in Six or Seven Books of Devotion, all equally nonſenſical, with a ſort of Warmth, (that might as well be raiſed by a Glaſs of Wine, or a Drachm of Citton) they may all the reſt of their time go on in whatever their particular Paſſion leads them to. The Beauteous *Philautia*, who is (in your Language) an *Idol*, is one of theſe Votaries; ſhe has a very pretty furniſhed Cloſet, to which ſhe retires at her appointed Hours: This is her Dreſſing-room, as well as Chappel; ſhe has conſtantly before her a large Looking-glaſs, and upon the Table, according to a very Witty Author,

Together lye her Prayer-Book and Paint,
At once t'improve the Sinner and the Saint.

It muſt be a good Scene, if one could be preſent at it, to ſee this *Idol* by turns lift up her Eyes to Heav'n and ſteal Glances at her own Dear Perſon. It cannot but be a pleaſant Conflict between Vanity and Humiliation. When you are upon this Subject, chuſe Books which elevate the Mind above the World, and give a pleaſing Indifference to little things in it. For want of ſuch Inſtructions, I am apt to believe ſo many People take it in their Heads to be ſullen, croſs and angry, under Pretence of being abſtracted from the Affairs of this Life, when at the ſame time they betray their Fondneſs for them by doing their Duty as a Task, and Pouting and reading good Books for a Week together. Much of this I take to proceed from the Indiſcretion of the Books themſelves, whoſe very Titles of Weekly Preparations, and ſuch limited Godlineſs, lead People of ordinary Capacities into great Errors, and raiſe in them a Mechanical Religion, intirely diſtinct from Morality. I know a Lady ſo given up to this ſort of Devotion, that tho' ſhe Employs ſix or eight Hours of the twenty four at Cards, ſhe never miſſes one conſtant Hour of Prayer, for which time another holds her Cards, to which ſhe returns with no little Anxiouſneſs till two or three in the Morning. All theſe Acts are but empty Shows, and, as it were, Compliments made to Virtue; the Mind is all the while untouched with any true Pleaſure in the Purſuit of it. From hence I preſume it ariſes that ſo many People call themſelves Virtuous, from no other Pretence to it but an Abſence of Ill. There is *Dulcianara* is the moſt inſolent of all Creatures to her Friends and Domeſticks, upon no other Pretence in Nature but that (as her ſilly Phraſe is) no one can ſay Black is her Eye. She has no Secrets, forſooth, which ſhould make her afraid to ſpeak her Mind, and therefore ſhe is impertinently Blunt to all her Acquaintance, and unſeaſonably Imperious to all her Family. Dear Sir, be pleaſed to put ſuch Books in our Hands, as may make our Virtue more inward, and convince ſome of us that in a Mind truly Virtuous the Scorn of Vice is always accompanied with the Pity of it. This, and other things, are impatiently expected from you by our whole Sex; among the reſt by,

SIR,

Your moſt Humble Servant,

B. D.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

At the Deſire of ſeveral Ladies of Quality.

For the Benefit of Commodore Flip, alias Leigh.

By Her Majeſty's Company of Comedians.

AT the Theatre Royal in Drury-lane, this preſent Thurſday, the 31ſt of May, will be preſented a Comedy, called, The Fair Quaker of Deale; or, The Humours of the Navy. The part of the Fair Quaker to be perform'd by Mrs. Sandow, Commodore Flip by Mr. Leigh, Beau Mizen by Mr. Pack, Coxen Whitebooby by Mr. Norris, Tom. Cagg Boatſwain's Mate by Mr. Johnſon, Dick Hammock by Mr. Penkethman, Jack Locker by Mr. Bullock, Barnaby Whipſtaff by Mr. Bowen, Will. Swabb by Mr. Burkhead, Jeremy Bucket by Mr. Bullock, Jun. Arabella by Mrs. Bradſhaw, Captain Worthy by Mr. Booth, Rovewell by Mr. Powell. To which will be added a Farce, called, The Walking Statue; or, The Devil in the Wine Cellar: Being the laſt Time of acting this Play this Seaſon.

This Play is ſold by Jacob Tonſon at Shakeſpear's Head over-againſt Catherine-ſtreet in the Strand.

Juſt Publiſh'd,

An Account of the preſent State and Government of the Empire of Germany: In a Letter to Thomas Foley of Whitley in the County of Worceſter, Eſq; by M. Le Vaſſor. Printed for Jacob Tonſon at Shakeſpear's Head over againſt Catherine-ſtreet in the Strand.

In a few Days will be Publiſh'd

The Life and Acts of Mathew Parker, the Firſt Archbiſhop of Canterbury in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth. Under whoſe Primacy and Influence the Reformation of Religion was happily Effected; and the Church of England Reſtored, and Eſtabliſhed upon the Principles whereon it ſtands to this Day. Wherein are related the ſaid Archbiſhop's Actions in Eccleſiaſtical Commiſſions and Synods; His Viſitations of the Dioceſes, Colleges and Hoſpitals within his Province, with his Injunctions and Regulations: Characters and Accounts of the Biſhops by him Conſecrated: His Endeavours for Uniformity: His Diligence in Retrieving, and Publiſhing many Statutes and other Ancient Hiſtorical MSS. of this Nation: His Procuring a more correct Tranſlation of the Holy Bible: His Government of his own Dioceſe of Canterbury: His ſober Thoughts, Counſels and Cares for Religion and this Church: And many Particulars of the Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory of thoſe Times, hitherto Unknown, or very Obſcure, are diſcovered and brought to Light. Compiled Faithfully out of Records, Regiſters, State-Papers, Orders of Council, Authentick Letters, and ſundry other Original MSS. In Four Books. To which is added, An Appendix, containing various Tranſcripts of Records, Letters, Inſtruments, Ordinances, Commiſſions, Diſcourſes, Relations, Intelligences, and other ſecret Papers, above an Hundred in Number; for the Aſſerting or Illuſtrating the foregoing Hiſtory. Among which will be found the Latin Life of this A. Bp. Extracted by Matthæus, ſo much and ſo long wanted in the Editions of the Britiſh Antiquities. By John Strype, M. A. Printed for John Wyat at the Roſe in St. Paul's Church-yard.

Juſt Publiſhed, and Printed very Correctly, with a neat Elzever Letter, in 12mo. for the Pocket,

Paradiſe Loſt, a Poem in twelve Books, written by Mr. John Milton. The Ninth Edition, adorn'd with Sculptures. Printed for Jacob Tonſon at Shakeſpear's Head over-againſt Catherine-Street in the Strand.

The Famous Water-Theatre of the late Ingenious Mr. Winſtanly, is Open'd, and will continue to be Shown for ſome time this Summer: There is the greateſt Curioſities in Water-Works the like was never performed before by any. It is Shown for the Benefit of his Widow every Evening at Five of the Clock. With ſeveral new Additions made this Spring. Boxes 2 s. 6 d. Pit 1 s. 6 d. firſt Gallery 1 s. Upper Gallery 6 d. It is at the lower end of Piccadilly, and is known by the Windmill on the top of it.

To be Sold, at a lower Rate than ordinary, at the Queen's Head, joining to the Church Gate in Bedford ſtreet, Covent-Garden, all Sorts of Druggets, Hair and Worſted Camlets, Sagathies, Duroys, Shagreens, Shalloons, Durants, Padua Serges, Shags, Serges de Nifmes, Calamancoes, and all other Goods fit for Mens Apparel. The Perſons who now keep the Shop deſigning to leave off the Trade, and the Houſe and Shop to be Lett at Michaelmas next.

A convenient Houſe to be Lett at Eaſt-Acton in Middleſex, four Rooms on a Floor, wall'd in, with Coach-house, Stabling, Orchard, Garden, and all Conveniencies belonging to it, in very good Repair. Whoſoever takes it may come into it as ſoon as they pleaſe. Inquire at Mr. Lamb's, or at the Houſe, both in Eaſt-Acton aforeſaid.

To be diſpoſed of, at a very reaſonable Rate, a Compleat Riding Suit for a Lady, of blue Camlet, well laced with Silver, being a Coat, Waſtecoat, Petticoat, Hatt and Feather, never worn but twice; to be ſeen at Mr. Harford's at the Acorn in York-ſtreet, Covent-garden.

LONDON: Printed for *Sam. Buckley*, at the *Dolphin* in *Little-Britain*; and ſold by *A. Baldwin* in *Warwick-Lane*; where Advertiſements are taken in; and by *Charles Lillie*, Perfumer, at the Corner of *Beauford-Buildings* in the Strand.